

[illegible]

**To the person  
for whom this  
is written.  
You Know Who  
You Are.**



**GENDER  
Fuck  
ME**

MALE

☐

ME

☒

FEMALE

☐

-By JESS BICAN-

Vanilla incense reaches my nose, reminding me of  
the Mr. Softie I shoved into my small  
size briefs this morning, rushing out  
the door to another day of

**GENDER FUCKING**

the world.





The bulge in my pants was

**EXHILORATING**

the scent of vanilla remaining

on my hand,

a scent which  
I have come  
to associate,  
oddly enough,  
with

**MASCULINITY.**



But...



Not nearly as  
nice as the  
Smell of you  
on my hands  
in the morning.

Or as I'm  
walking home  
in The dark  
breathing  
Your scent,  
reminiscing.





**WANTING**



to be on top of you again  
and ride



until I  
fall off  
with  
glorious  
**EXHAUSTION**



Wanting to press  
Myself into you as  
you call out

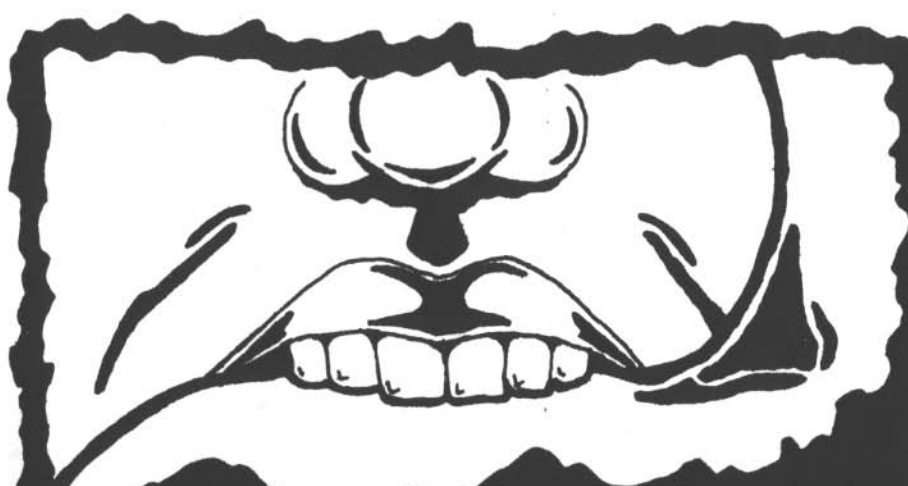
**MY NAME,**

your hands tightly  
gripping and slipping

DOWN  
the  
sweat  
on  
my  
back







...Your teeth  
ON MY  
Shoulder

Strength



meets vulnerability,

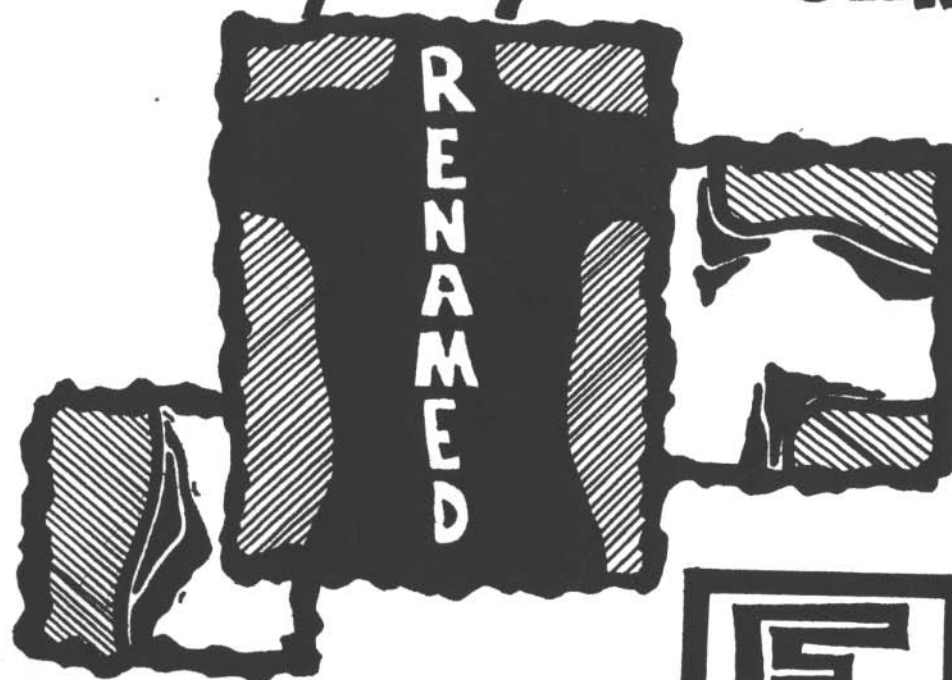
AND DESIRE

-Becomes-

PLEASURE



**AND MY BODY HAS BEEN**



**AND OUR  
GENDER  
HAS BEEN**



**FUCKED**

**As I Fuck You**



**With my  
DICK  
of a hand**

AND YOU UNDERSTAND

that  
the  
**BOY**  
**DYKE**  
ON TOP  
of  
You is



Sometimes a **MAN**

**AND WE'RE  
SOMETIMES**



**, BUT  
WE'RE ALWAYS QUEER.**







In the here  
and now where  
my Gender  
meets your  
bedroom...

AND YOUR  
GENDER  
MEETS MY



MOUTH

**AND  
OUR  
MINDS  
COLLIDE,**



**THE  
DISAPPEARANCE OF TIME**  
has come and gone...

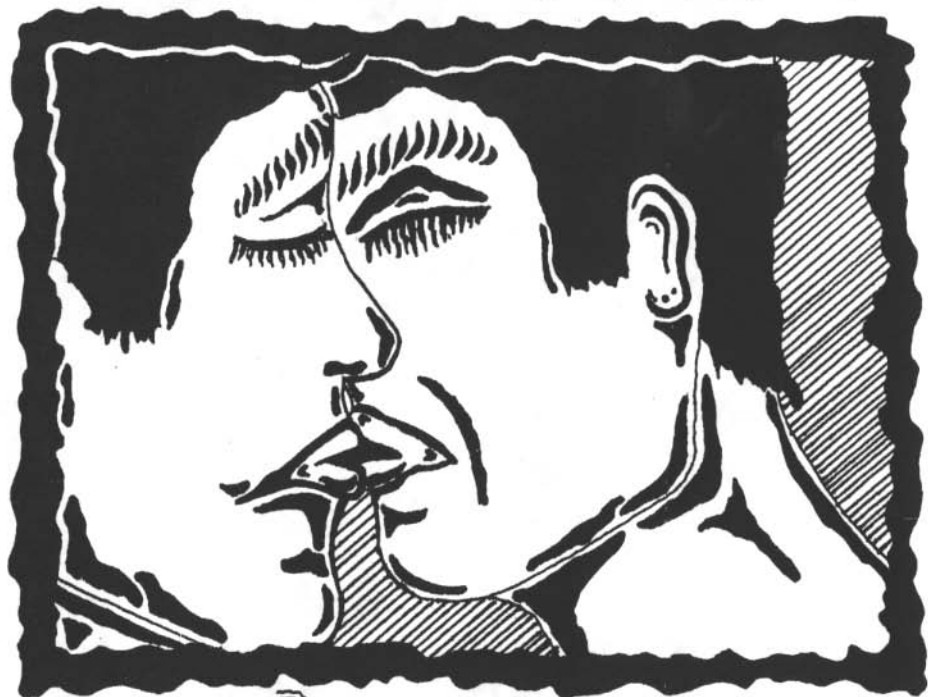




AND I LOOK  
AT YOU, THE  
*Beautiful*  
*boy*

BENEATH  
ME.

**THEN I KISS YOU  
LONG AND HARD...**



**and relish  
in what we  
have created,**



THE WAY YOU  
PULL ME  
AGAINST  
YOU AS  
THE BOY I AM



AND HOLD THE



BUT

~ IN MY PANTS ~

AND SHOW  
ME THAT YOU  
UNDERSTAND.



THERE'S NO  
**NEED**

FOR  
EXPLANATORY  
WORDS.

I Don't Have To

**SPEAK**

To Be

**HEARD,**

**JUST EXIST**  
**IN THE MIDST OF**  
**FUDITY**  
**AT**  
**EASE WITH**  
**MYSELF**  
**AND AT EASE**  
**WITH THE**  
**WORLD.**



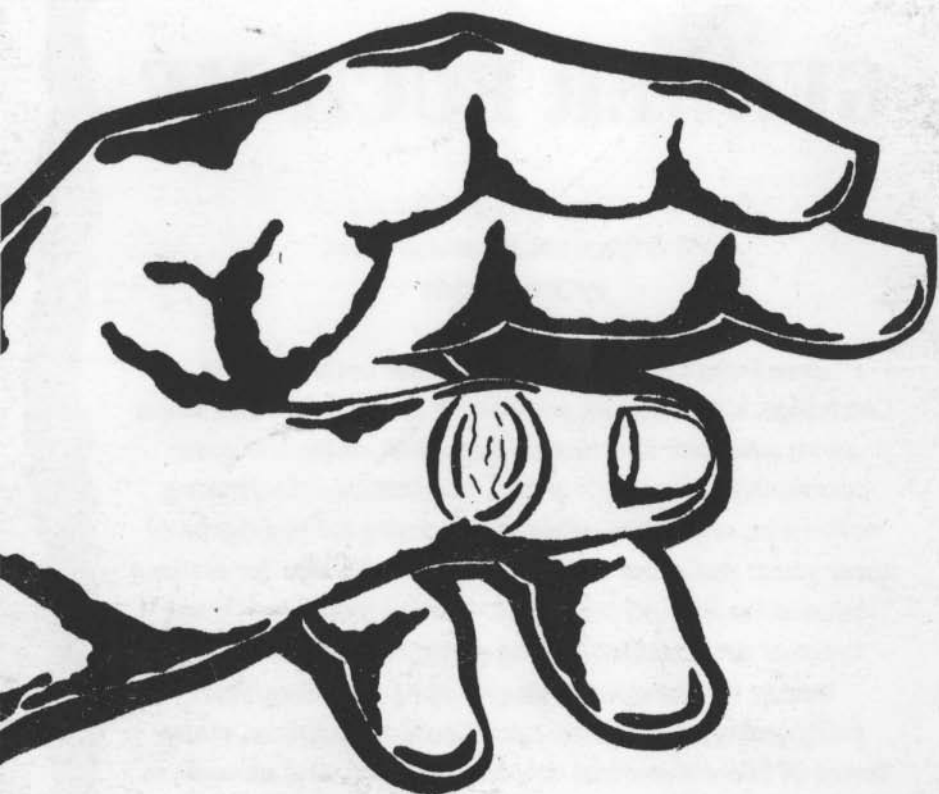
# GENDER FUCK ME

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All original writing and artwork  
by Jess Dugan

Jess Dugan is a queer, genderqueer artist living in Cambridge, MA. He is an activist for queer rights and works as an advocate for tobacco education within the queer community. Along with giving presentations, facilitating workshops, organizing rallies, and fighting for the rights of queer youth and queer people everywhere, he lives for art and infuses his life with creativity. With an interest in many types of art, including writing poetry and fiction, writing lesbian folk songs and singing along with his guitar, photography, film, dance, ceramics and sculpture, many forms of two dimensional art, comics (duh), and an endless variety of others, he will begin studying at the Massachusetts College of Art in the fall of 2003 and hopes to play and explore with all types of art until he finds his niche. He turns his art into activism and his activism into art, and he is committed to following his dreams and the fight for equality.

Let me know what you think at:  
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